

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Far down in a grassy hollow, Where a stream goes sweeping by, With its silver, gleaming water, Crystal mirror for the sky...

BELLE MCG.

THE VILLAGE ANGEL; Or, Agatha's Recompense.

CHAPTER XLV.—Continued.

"It would be just as well if you talked about what you understand," said Mr. Norman, fiercely. "I understand no other question on earth. I am all in that," she replied...

"A far more royal queen than a voice and a face," said Mrs. Norman. "If that woman lost her beauty, she would have no more lovers, no more men would crowd round her..."

"I should like to see that dainty voice destroyed, the eyes and mouth should wither no more hearts away—not one. You will not wonder that I hate her when I tell you that it is the woman who came between my husband and me..."

"I want to see her," said Mrs. Norman, "I want to see her in all the glory of her fur. Just this one night, and I will never enter the theatre again..."

"Then, when they meet, they will say—'Poor Mrs. Norman, what a thing it is for her; but then she is so terribly plain.' 'I wish you could take a brighter view of things,' sighed Agatha..."

"They stood for some minutes under the wide portico, then Agatha said: 'Would you like to ride or walk home?' Mrs. Norman looked up eagerly, as one wakes from a dream..."